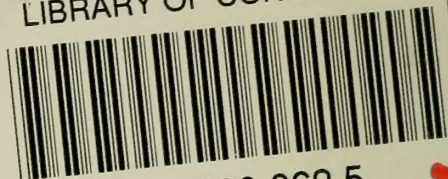


PR 4549

5 F5

1806

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 014 490 062 5

R 4549
D5 F5
806
copy 1

E MILES OFF;

OR THE

FINGER POST;

A Farce,

IN THREE ACTS.

BY T. DIBDIN,

Author of Will for the Deed, Thirty-thousand, Cabinet, English Fleet, Family Quarrels, Valentine and Orson, Il Bondocani, Five Thousand a Year, Guilty or not Guilty, &c. &c.

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRES

HAY-MARKET AND NEW-YORK.

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY D. LONGWORTH,

At the Dramatic Repository,
Shakspeare-Gallery.

1806.

PR 4549
II 5F5
1806

142568

9

24

PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN BY G. COLMAN, ESQ.

*SOME hypercritic cries, in every age,
'How rich the past, how poor the present stage !'
So undertakers say, on corpses fed,
'Ah there's no man of value till he's dead !'
Some self made Aristarchus ever sits,
Like a judge Jefferies, over modern wits,
Bullies upon the bench—his upright plan,
First to abuse, then execute the man.*

*Still thrives our stage, still seems there vigor in't ;
For you smile here, while cynics scowl in print,
Plain proof, you think, whate'er our stage may be,
Such critic's infinitely worse than we ;
Yet far from us, one murmur to repeat,
When liberal censure fills the judgment seat,
We thank the hand that points, with gentle art,
The wholesome lancet to some morbid part ;
The butcher with his hatchet, tis we hate
Who kills where skilful surgeons amputate.
If we give trash, as some few pertlings say,
Why flocks an audience nightly to the play ?
If we be found immoral in our scene,
What does the law's restraint on drama's mean ?
To state the first they laugh at you alone—
To state the last is libelling the throne.*

*Truth is when impulse can be fairly roused,
Smile, tear, or grin, by you our arts espoused.
However pedants preach, you'll think those fools,
Who laugh or cry by Aristotle's rules.
And while a laugh or cry is to be had,
Authors and actors can't be very bad.*

*Oh ! may this doctrine be allow'd to-night,
And be a laugh—broad laugh—your chief delight ;
Look not with eyes of critical disdain,
But favor one who strives to entertain.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Hay-market.

New-York.

Squire Flail
Sordid
Kalendar
Edward
Luckless
Andrew
Spriggins
O'Gimlet
Flourish
Black Bob
Dapper
Robert
Thomas
Dick

Mr. Chapman
Grove
Fawcett
Rae
Decamp
Noble
Mathews
Denman
Liston
Hatton
Menage
Parsloe
Johnston
Godwin, jr.

Mr. Tyler
Shapter
Twaits
Robinson
Martin
Hallam
Hogg
Harwood
Darley
Allen
Saubere
Oloff
Chambers
Oloff

Mrs. Prue
Mary Flail
Jenny
Laura Luckless

Mrs. Powell
Mathews
Gibbs
Miss Tyrer

Mrs. Simpson
Miss White
Mrs. Villiers
Miss Dellinger

FIVE MILES OFF;

OR THE FINGER POST.

A C T I.

SCENE, a park lodge—sun-rise.

enter EDWARD.

Edw WITH what exhilarating freshness does the breath of morn enliven the surrounding landscape, and how eagerly do the sweets of nature seem to start from their luxuriant beds, to hail the rising sun; tis thus the cheering blaze of prosperity gladdens all, except the wretched few, who, like myself, are doomed to wither in the shade of poverty! (*knocks*) who have I to blame? the man who unjustly suffers, has innate virtue to sustain his fortitude, while I——

enter ANDREW *from lodge*.

Well, my old foster father!

And. My poor young master——and on foot too?

Edw. I have come hither in hopes——

And. Which wont help you on your way back——
your ill-used father——

Edw. Mention him not—I scarcely have recovered the shock his death has given me.

And. It was a bad day for his tenants, a woeful hour for his servants.

Edw. Yet they were happy——they did not offend

him; but I had not the legacy of a parting blessing, nor the consolation of thinking I deserved one.

And. As to what he left to others—well, well, mr. Sordid, his rich steward, may have a marble monument when he dies, and fine verses on it too, but I saw on your father's tombstone, somewhat that beats all the poetry I ever read.

Edw. His epitaph, already! am I the last to pay a tribute to his memory? from what hand came it?

And. From the heart, young master. His name was honored with a poorman's tear! the old curate said, that words may be cut in marble, and if such marks as I saw, dont last here so long, it is because they are gone to be read in a better place.

Edw. When his son dies, if truth inscribe his epitaph, twill be the record of his follies. Has Sordid seized on all?

And. All. There were bonds and mortgages, which no one dreamt of till your father died.

Edw. My father has been as much misled as I have been; tho his errors have been on the score of friendship—mine of folly.

And. I hope you'll call old Sordid to account?

Edw. I'll to him instantly—a short visit will suffice for what I'd settle with him—then for one interview elsewhere, and after that a musket, Andrew.

And. Sir!

Edw. Nay, fear not—I have been my own enemy too long, and dare not turn my rage against myself, while my country has a foe to vent it on. [exit

And. Poor lad! I know whose house he means to go to next, and there he'll find the door shut against him: ah, if he knew who a certain person was going to be married to, he'd—bless my heart—why neighbor—

enter SPRIGGINS, with a letter.

Sprig. Not much of a neighbor, now—it's a long walk from our house to your's. I live with maister Kalendar, the great star-gazing gentleman as gives his ad-

vice to all his neighbors, and makes all the *clipses* of the moon——and I have brought a letter——

And. From him?

Sprig. No, not from him.

And. Well, but for me?

Sprig. No, for young mr. Edward Frankland, in case he should call on you; it be a secret who it comes from.

And. And who does it come from?

Sprig. Why, that you been't to mention——nor you mustn't tell him about some money in the inside on't, for fear he should find it out—I was to give into his own hands, and as I is very particular, do you take it, and let him have it directly.

And. A pretty messenger——follow him, he's not two hundred yards off—he went that way.

Sprig. No, I cant stay, got to go a great way home through the forest—I know you'll give it him, because I should be so ashamed——

And. Ashamed?

Sprig. Why, you see a friend as dont choose to be known has sent him money, and two or three of us lads have made a sort of *description* for him, and so have slipt some small matters of notes under the cover, because if he knew we did it, he might be a little proud like, and wouldn't take it——he's been a bit wild, but we must help him for sake of his poor father.

And. (*taking the letter*) Well my good lad, when you come to be poor, you'll——

Sprig. Me poor! I've forty pounds a year of my own, besides wagers.

And. Ay, but if you should by any wonderful change of fortune, get rid of all your property, this money you have here given, will come back to you three times over.

Sprig. Indeed! why then it's almost a pity to send it—for, if we only give away a trifle in hopes of getting more than lawful interest, you may call it good nature, but I should call it swindling.

And. Well, I'll give it him when he comes from old Sordid—you know old Sordid.

Sprig. I remember him when I was a boy; but I've never seen him since I left living hereabouts—he turn'd my father out of a farm, once; but—farewel—you'll give the letter?

And. If you doubt me take it yourself.

Sprig. No—it hurts gentlefolks' feelings to give them money with your own hands, and, I suppose, that's what makes some on 'em so 'fear'd to affront poor folks in the same way. For my part, I never fret about trifles, and if so be as a man who could afford it, were even to offer me a hundred pounds, I'd put up with it, sooner than pick a quarrel with any body. *[exit]*

And. Well said, John Spriggins; the way thou hast contrived thy present to the young lad, adds to its value. Egad, I dont see why I shouldn't take the same advantage of young master—I've saved a trifle in his father's service. Go for a soldier! why should he be ashamed to take the bounty of his friends—I am sure, if there was enough here to buy a pair of colors, no ensign in the service could fight under a standard more honorably purchased. *[exit]*

SCENE, a room in Sordid's house.

enter DAPPER and EDWARD.

Dap. Lud, sir!

Edw. Nay, sir, but in a case so material to my interests, I must and will be attended to.

Dap. But, dear me, sir, where's the use of my attending to your declaration, when I can't put in an answer.

Edw. Then call mr. Sordid—call your master—I'm determined to be heard.

Dap. You must have strong lungs then to make him hear you—he went to the city yesterday, and will be returnable in the evening, unless mr. Flail, of Harvest-hall, lodges a detainer, and keeps him all night, for he is to call there in his way home.

Edw. I'll meet him there.

Dap. Better not, sir, he's as busy as the first day of May—he's going to see his son married to miss Mary.

Edw. To whom, sir?

Dap. Miss Mary Flail, sir, as fine a young woman as ever appeared before the king himself, at Westminster.

Edw. His son! married to Mary Flail—to my Mary—I never heard he had a son.

Dap. Nor any body else, till within these few days, nor do I believe, speaking to the best of my knowledge, is the young gentleman yet aware that he has a father.

Edw. Why has such a circumstance been secret?

Dap. Haven't received the necessary instructions to enable me to inform you, sir; all I know is, that master's gone to fetch the young gentleman, and I dare say their meeting will be as pleasant as the long vacation.

Edw. Then it is not only to beggar me, but to enrich a rival, the old pirate has plunder'd our estate.

Dap. Not prepared at present to enter on his defence.

Edw. But, mr. Flail can never be so unjust.

enter THOMAS, with letter.

Thom. Mr. Dapper, here is a letter directed for——
lord bless him, there he is himself—its for your honor—
(*gives it respectfully to Edward*)

Dap. Well, sir, you needn't fear to leave any message with me—I'm acquainted with most of mr. Sordid's concerns.

Edw. Are you acquainted with his conscience?

Dap. Out of my department; I'm his clerk, and manage his law concerns; as to conscience, that's quite another thing, and forms no part of our business—show the gentleman down. [exit

Edw. Will you give me leave to open this first?

Thom. Surely, sir, I wish it may bring good news—it comes from mr. Flail's, sir.

Edw. From Mary's father—tis his writing. (*reads*)
'Young man, every body knows his own business best, and it's my duty to provide well for my daughter. If

you hadn't lost your fortune through your own fault, I might have made some allowance, but now, no offence I hope, if the girl marries somebody else—being all, at present, from yours—FIREBRAND FLAIL. P. S. I bear no malice, and when Mary's married, shall be glad to see you at Harvest hall—you are a choice fellow at hunting; and if any body says he sings a better song, I'm no judge—that's all.'—The die is cast then—and the mansion of my fathers is preparing to receive my rival, in possession of my home, my fortune, and my promised bride.

Thom. Never mind, sir; they may take possession of the house, and stick themselves up at church, but there isn't a cottager's wife will go to visit them.

Edw. Deprived of fortune, I meant to have voluntarily resigned all claim to her—but even the merit of such a sacrifice is denied me. Yet I will see her—she has no share in the unfeeling conduct of her father, and were mine yet living, even his anger would not doom me thus to suffer. [exunt

SCENE, a landscape---and a point formed by four roads meeting.

enter SORDID and SPRIGGINS.

Sor. Thank ye, friend, thank ye : and so I was going the wrong road ?

Sprig. You're right.

Sor. And pray where does that path go to ?

Sprig. No where, sir—it do always stay where it is; but if you go this way—

Sor. I shall come to farmer Flail's.

Sprig. No, sir, not to farmer Flail's.

Sor. No ! why what a plague do you mean—I came one way—you bring me back from the second—you say the third is wrong and the fourth wont do.

Sprig. No more it wont, sir.

Sor. If you'll allow me neither east, west, north, nor

south, for horizontal progression, I must either sink or fly, and unless I get a balloon or a burying ground, may stay here till doomsday.

Sprig. If you like it, sir; but I'll be dang'd if any of these roads will take you to farmer Flail's.

Sor. Is he dead then?

Sprig. No, sir, but he have left off farming, and turned squire—he have got a pack of hounds and visitors—have filled his cellar full of french wine—bottled off his best ale, and brought his daughter home from boarding-school.

Sor. Indeed!

Sprig. Yes, she was a free-hearted girl, and ha' danced wi' I, at our hop-harvest—but now she moves french minutes as stately as a waggon o' wheat-straw, and could no more milk one o' my cows, than I could play on one of her forty-piarnors.

Sor. But if her father's rich, his daughter ought to be instructed in all manner of modern accomplishments.

Sprig. So she should, sir; but not in ways of wickedness and roguery. When I open'd a long book of hers, they pretend to call music, I saw with my own eyes, it was to teach her the art of fingering.

Sor. Blockhead! bumpkins shouldn't pretend to teach their betters. What's your name, friend?

Sprig. My name's John Spriggins, sir—I have forty pounds a-year, besides wagers—and without offence, sir, who may you be?

Sor. Simon Sordid, esq. You must have heard of me, or you're an ignoramus.

Sprig. Oh, this is mr. Sordid (*aside*). Umph, yes, sir, I be ignoramus, sure enough; but I do know my way out o' this pleace, without either a balloon or burying ground, and as you be so woundy clever, I dare say you can find yourn.

Sor. Not without assistance; you promis'd to show me.

Sprig. Yes, sir; but bumpkins shouldn't pretend to teach their betters—so I wish you a pleasant walk: here be only four roads to choose, and if you take but one at

a time, its nineteen to nothing, but you'll find the right way without axing any body. (*going*)

Sor. What an inhuman clodhopper!

Sprig. (*returns*) I forgot to say, sir, that there's Gaffer Goreham's bull has a knack o' running at folks, and black Bob, brother to him as hangs in chains yonder, do swear vengeance on all as do pass this here way.

Sor. Any thing else?

Sprig. Only a fine dark cloud over head, and I ha' talk'd mysel too dry, to stand here to get wet for any body [exit

Sor. A mad bull! a robbery! and a thunderstorm! curse all cross roads and stage-coachmen! to leave me at the mercy of Black Bob and his brother; for here they certainly come, and one of them bringing the gibbet with him. [exit.

enter FLOURISH and O'GIMLET, carrying a finger-post

O'Gim. There's a delightful direction-post, made by me, mr. O'Gimlet.

Flou. And beautified by me, Solomon Flourish.

O'Gim. Which is to stand here, and point to four roads at once, like the picture of three-finger'd Jack. Wait until I move the stone turf that covers the hole I dug for it; there, down with it. (*they fix it*)

Flou. Verily, friend, it is already too low; the heads of the passengers will come bump against it, and the fingers thereof will poke out the eyes of all who look thereupon.

O'Gim. And haven't I made the top loose, honey, that, if you tip it the least touch, it gets out of the way before you can say chips.

Flou. (*putting it round*) Thou hast made it like unto a turnstile!

O'Gim. To be sure. Would you have a poor tired foot passenger on horseback, walk about a post to read his way, when he may twirl it round as azy as nothing, to which of the four roads he plases.

Flou. And from which every puff of wind will turn it, as it were a weathercock.

O'Gim. If your tongue wags about weathercocks, I'll put a spoke in the wheel of it. You're not at home, now, mr. Flourish, talking about the dearness of paint and provisions ; you may look big among little children, and tread upon every beadle in the parish ; but you dont humbug mr. O'Gimlet.

Flou. Thou art a stupid mortal.

O'Gim. No more a mortal than yourself. I was born in the family bed-room, my father made me his foreman when I was a boy ; gave me a hammer down upon the nail, and taught me the use of a saw, before I had cut my teeth.

Flou. Have I not also been a pains taking man ?

O'Gim. Yes, and a panes-breaking man too. You're the village glazier, and crack bushels of windows for the benefit of trade.

Flou. Have I not painted every sign in the village ? where has thou seen a better dun cow than I have made ?

O'Gim. Guy of Warwick never kilt a dun cow more completely ;—I've seen you make a bull too ; for when you was ax'd to paint the arms of man, you stuck up the three legs.

Flou. Verily, friend, the parish will not put up with this treatment of one of its respectable inhabitants.

O'Gim. A parish that puts up your signs, will put up any thing—so pay me on the spot for this job, or I'll let a few of your glass tricks be seen through, for the good of the corporation.—There, (*shows a long bill*) there's a few *items* to begin with.

Flou. It should begin with *imprimis*.

O'Gim. Oh, you'll put priming enough in your own bill, mr. Painter.

Flou. (*reads*) ' *Item*, a large post—*item*, timber for ditto—*item*, screws --*item*, three days and a quarter work—and three hundred long nails.'—Three hundred !

O'Gim. To be sure ; I couldn't make the *fingers* without nails, you know, honey.

Flou. ' Glue !'—that article is charged more than all the rest, friend.

O'Gim. All owing to the high price of putty—I'm following your own example. Jobs comes so seldom, that, if it wasn't for a bit of glue, things would never be able to stick together at all at all.

Flou. Well; make this thing fast, (*turning it round*) or I'll not pay thee one farthing.

O'Gim. You may make it fast yourself.

Flou. I have not the craft.

O'Gim. Oh, you've craft enough; so take it to your own house; and, if you don't make it *fast* there, it will be the best used person in the family. [*exit*

Flou. It appertaineth not unto my business to set it right—he hath left it pointing to the paths of error; and I will bear witness against him, when the traveller he may lead astray, shall seek redress from the men of wigs and long suits, who are termed lawyers; who perplex us like the labyrinths of the little person called Cupid, into whose clutches I was once betrayed.

SONG.

Yea, I fell in the pit of love,

With a ti tum ti.

The spirit then began to move

With a ti tum ti.

Quoth I, 'fair maiden, ne'er deride,

For verily, when thou'rt my bride,

Lo, I will cleave unto thy side.

With a ti tum ti.'

'Behold,' said Ruth, 'there is a grove

With a ti tum ti.

Where birds, call'd turtles, coo and love

With a ti tum ti.'

Lo! then I thought her truly mine;

But when of love she gave the sign,

She proved a cruel Phi--lis--tine,

With a ti tum ti.

Mary. There's no cause for fear, Jenny ; and I must rest a moment. (*sits on a bank*)

Jen. Now doan'tye go to stop, whatever ye do. If we be overtaken here by strange men, there'll be *desparte* work, I promise ee.

Mary. I haven't much to lose, and should make no resistance.

Jenny. No more haven't I, miss, except this trifling token ; and, if they offerd to touch that, I be but a weak girl, but they should have all the *assistance* I could gi, I warrant 'em.

Mary. Is it a love token, Jenny ?

Jen. I do hope it be, miss ; and I'm sure you dont think there is any harm in love tokens, or you would never have ventur'd out so far without your vather's knowing it, at this time o'night.

Mary. Perhaps you think me to blame, Jenny ?

Jen. Not at all for that, miss ; to be sure, when I were at home, I couldn't stir a voot without vather's leave ; and as he never would give it me, I staid at home, like a dutiful child.

Mary. Could you never get an opportunity ?

Jen. No, miss, a poor cottage like ours, had but one door to't—now, your father's, squire Flail's fine hall, ha' got so many, there's hardly finding the way in or out for 'em.

Mary. I was much happier before my father was so rich ; and I liked the company of our honest neighbors, better than all the gentlemen who now pay court to us.

Jen. So did I, miss. The young men of our village did use to do their best to entertain a young woman at a fair or a feast ; but gentlemen do send their sweethearts away from the table along wi' the cloth, that they may keep all the good things a'ter dinner to themselves ; and yet your sweetheart *was* a gentleman too.

Mary. And is so still, by birth. Imprudent Edward ! how early in life to have effected his ruin !

Jen. He had better have ruin'd any body else !

Mary. If my father had not sanctioned our meetings,

when we were poor, and Edward the supposed heir to his father's wealth, I shouldn't have ventured this act of disobedience. I'm sorry we didn't see him!

Jen. Never mind, miss, my sweetheart, John Spriggins, has given the letter, long afore this.

Mary. As it contain'd money, to spare his feelings, I didn't say from whom it came.

Jen. I was afraid o'that, miss; and, thinking that, in all matters of true love and courtship, there ought never to be no deceit; and that nothing ought to be done that nobody shouldn't be ashamed on, why, I—I—thought—

Mary. (*with apprehension*) You thought!—well! —and—

Jen. I put in a bit of a note, which, as he knows I can't write, he'll never *inspect* whence it came.

Mary. Worse and worse!—imprudent girl!—who wrote it?

Jen. Nobody as knows its meaning. Cousin Remnant, the tailor, be a poet, and famous for what he do call his measures, and distiches, and hemstiches; so I ax'd'n to write down only three lines, as I had mad out o'my own head.

Mary. Three lines!

Jenny. Yes—he said three lines are call'd a *driblet*: so he wrote'n, and I slipt'n into the paper that had the blank notes in un.

Mary. Do you remember them?

Jen. Yes, miss.

‘ When secret love does thus prevail,
‘ Remember thereby hangs a tale—
‘ Your humble servant, Mary Flail.’

Mary. Mary Flail! why, you're a ridiculous!—I—my very name at the bottom, too!

Jenny. No, miss; I told un there must be no name at the bottom; so he put two lines a'ter that. (*a noise heard*)

Mary. Hark! some one is making his way through the thicket. Come, Jenny; how can you loiter here; we shall be insulted.

Jen. I told ee how 'twould be, miss; but there's no cause for fear, you know; so, pray, do stop, and hear the rest of my cousin's poetry.

Mary. Nonsense! we are followed. Come, girl, come.
[*runs off*]

Jen. There, that comes o'fine talking. When danger be at a distance, volks laugh at 'n; for my part, I ha' got more courage than to run away at my own shadow. I dare say it be only a——(*going to look, immediately returns*) Oh, miss! stop, for I!—we shall be robb'd—we shall be kill'd—we shall be——oh, dear, dear, dear, miss Mary!
[*exit, bawling*]

re-enter BLACK BOB.

Bob. I thought I heard the squall of a woman. I fear some one is poaching on my manor; it must be some new hand; for gemmen footpads of the old school have too much honor to break into one another's walks.—Let's see—I made but a poor prize of that old traveller; and this unlucky greatcoat may happen to betray me. I'll not venture to the village in't. The old man look'd plaguy hard at it—if he had been a young one, I'd have knock'd him down. I'll leave the coat here. (*throws it over the finger-post*) I have taken one pound, seven shillings, and sixpence—for which I must leave my coat behind me: it's rather hard; and, if times dont alter for the better, I shall begin to think a man may as well live honestly, if it's only for the sake of his own interest.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE *continues.*

enter LUCKLESS (*shabbily genteel*)

Luck. I thought I saw some one to ask the way of—(*takes out a newspaper*) Let me see—(*reads*) 'If Law-

rence Luckless, formerly of——' ay, my native place, sure enough——' will apply to Firebrand Flail, esquire, of Harvest-hall, he will hear of something to his advantage.' It's high time I should—I've had my share of disadvantages; but, hang despair! it's as shabby as my own appearance. I have just made my dinner and my toilet, by the road-side—brushed up my best—yes, my very best coat! and want nothing but a shower of rain to blacken my hat:—and then to the Hall, like a gentleman. (*going, sees the post, with the coat on it*) Eh! what the devil's that? a thief, or a scare-crow?

enter EDWARD.

Edw. Neither, my boy; but an old friend, who is equally glad and surprised to meet you.

Luck. If I wasn't afraid of making one of my usual blunders, I'd swear, that of all other men in the world, you were my once merry companion, Edward.

Edw. You may swear it with a safe conscience. I knew you at a distance, by your walk, which, like your ideas, is never in a straight line. I could not be mistaken, though I had so little light to see you by.

Luck. (*looking at his dress*) Why, you have seen me in a better light than this, I confess, Ned; however, you are very little altered—you seem to be as ready to acknowledge a distress friend as ever you were.

Edw. Heaven forbid I should be otherwise! but I shall be truly sorry if you are distress; I hope you don't want much assistance.

Luck. Indeed! why?

Edw. Because, pshaw! because it would not be in my power to afford it you.

Luck. No! the heir of a fine estate; the life and soul of all your acquaintance; favorite of the lasses—any of the lads; darling of the tenants; and best cricket player in christendom!

Edw. As the poet says—'I cannot but remember such things were, and were most dear to me;' but, now I'm ruin'd—ruin'd by the artifice of my late father's steward,

and who is now his sole executor.

Luck. Well, but how?

Edw. Guilty of irregularities, which he in private abetted, I became so much his dependent for support and secrecy, that he was, at length, enabled to alienate me from my father's affection.

Luck. But—in your father's dying moments——

Edw. I was artfully kept from him—was disinherited—but, damn the money—had I but seen my father——

Luck. Bear up, my boy, and wish with me, that some quick claw'd devil may fly away with old Sordid; wherever he is, may this spot prove the place of his punishment, and may his ill-gotten goods be transferred to the lawful owner, as unexpectedly as he obtained them.

Edw. Rather let me blame my own want of confidence in a parent. If you wouldn't laugh at my morality, I would say, happy is the child, who, by acknowledging a first failing, avoids the necessity of a thousand more, to keep that one a secret.

Luck. For my part, I never knew a parent to confess my failings too; if I had, there'd have been plenty to have acknowledged; but I keep up my spirits, and, though I was unlucky before I was born, I don't remember that I cried a bit the more for it. Have you no money?

Edw. None that I can call my own.

Luck. Can't you borrow?

Edw. No, for I know not when I can repay.

Luck. Which is the very reason why some people *do* borrow.

Edw. It's not the loss of wealth that I regret, but the artful viper, in the person of his son, would deprive me of my love.

Luck. Has he a son?

Edw. One never owned till now. He is to marry the girl who—but I must hasten to return the contents of this letter, which her disinterested affection would have deceived me into accepting.

Luck. What, you have money, then?

Edw. Yes, and it has been most curiously conveyed

to me—but I have pride, also ; an honest pride, which, while I have youth and strength, forbids me to appropriate to my own use, the hard earn'd savings of those who may want them in their old age, or to profit by the artless attachment of an inexperienced female ; but, come, accompany me to Harvest-hall.

Luck. The very place I'm going to. I'll tell you a few of my adventures on the road, and if what I am promised there to my advantage, can be thrown into your scale, you shall share it, or take it all and welcome.
(*rain heard*)

Edw. You're a generous lad ; let's see what way are we in. (*looking round*)

Luck. In a way to be wet through, if we dont make haste.

Edw. Come along, then. (*going*)

Luck. Not that path—look here, here's a guide for the road, and a coat for the weather.

Edw. No matter for the guide—I know the road lies here.

Luck. Does it? why, then the post *lies here* ; for look—as for this coat——

Edw. Come ; it has been hung to dry by some one.

Luck. Who will thank me for taking it out of the wet. I've been curst unlucky all my life, and never found a prize before. (*takes it down : screams are heard*)

Edw. The voices of women in danger !—follow me, friend. [*exit*]

Luck. (*as he puts on the coat*) That I will. Why, Edward?—which road has he taken? no matter ; for when a female wants assistance, the devil take him who can't find the way without a finger-post.

[*exit, after Edward*]

SCENE, a hall at squire Flail's.

enter mrs. PRUDENCE and FLAIL.

Mrs. Prue. It's to no purpose being angry. I tell you she has gone out, mr. Flail.

Flail. Gone out, cousin Prue? my daughter gone out, without my leave, or your company?

Mrs. Prue. Ay, cousin; and heaven knows where she is gone: nay, if I didn't scorn to carry tales, I could tell you who's gone with her.

Flail. Not that spendthrift, Edward, I hope? if the hussey has dared——

Mrs. Prue. No, no; trust to my care for that; Jane has gone with her—the wench you have given her as own maid—own *maia* indeed! there was no such thing in the family, when I had the care of it.

Flail. It gets plaguy late—I'll go look for her—I expect old Sordid and his son every moment—I think they might have come a little earlier.

Kal. (without) Wind N. E. by north.

Mrs. Prue. Here's neighbor Kalendar.

Flail. With some of his impertinent advice, I suppose; I remember the fellow when he hadn't a shilling.

Mrs. Prue. Hush! or he may remember the same of you.

Flail. When he lived by making almanacks, and when you turn'd up your nose at him.

Mrs. Prue. Ay, he was poor then, but now——

enter KALENDAR.

Kal. Here's alteration in the weather!——ah! mrs. Prue? how do, Prue?

Mrs. Prue. Prue! sir, I am——

Kal. Rather frosty this evening—old Firebrand, your fist; the barometer of fortune has risen with us both, but shouldn't alter either of us.

Flail. No; you'll be a walking weather-glass as long as you live.

Kal. Better that than be a weather-cock, eh! mrs. Prue; it's time the mercury in our veins should stick at temperate.

Mrs. Prue. It may with elderly people, mr. Kalendar; but I shall go and see if that thoughtless girl is returned. O! mr. K. for all your cold looks, there was a time when you little thought of change. [exit

Kal. Change ! that was when I hadn't a guinea ; but, come, friend Flail, I want to counsel you—I fear you've had bad advisers.

Flail. Never took any advice but my own.

Kal. That's just what I mean.

Flail. Sir, I've money in my pocket—good tenants on my land—a fine girl of a daughter--and a delightful pack of hounds --then what do I want with advice?

Kal. To learn how to spend your money---manage your tenants--marry your daughter---and choose friends to go a hunting with.

Flail. Who's to teach me ?

Kal. Vox stellarum---study the stars---do you take in my new almanack ?

Flail. Not I ; I was a farmer twenty years, and never knew one right in my life ; they always snow when they should rain, and if they promise sun shine, they make such thundering mistakes, that all the beer in the cellar gets sour'd by 'em.

Kal. There are times and seasons for all things ;---I come to speak of your daughter.

Flail. She shall marry whom I please ; and what says your almanack to that, old Weather-wise ?

Kal. Why it says that girls should be transplanted from the garden of good education——

Flail. I gave ninety pounds a year.

Kal. To be grafted on some healthy stock——

Flail. Well, and dont I say——

Kal. While those, who from the hot beds of false refinement——

Flail. Whew ! come down from your cabbage stalks, and dont compare my family to sprouts and parsly beds ; be she girl, or be she garden-stuff, she marries the son of old Sordid.

Kal. Which is wedding Virgo to Capricorn.

Flail. Now he's got out of the ground into the skies—didn't you say just now, there were seasons for every thing?

Kal. Truly!—in childhood, to get wisdom and whip-

ping—in youth, sow wild oats—in manhood, marry ; and meet with other misfortunes—in old age——

Flail. We're too wise to miss the tide, by looking at the moon.

Kal. That's a hit at my old trade ; never mind—I come of a family who——

Flail. Now for their whole chronology ; I knew but two of your forefathers, and they——

Kal. Resided here before I was born, which happened on new-year's day, one thousand seven hundred and fifty-five, sixteen minutes and a half past three in the morning, as per grandmother's gold watch, then lying on a claw table in a corner of the room.

Flail. Psha ! I've heard that the first of your family came into this country——

Kal. Anno twelve hundred and fifty-two, at the very time when Roger Bacon invented the magic lanthorn.

Flail. Ay, they carried it about, I suppose, and taught their children the art of magnifying.

Kal. Sir, my ancestors were never obliged to the family of the Flails, even for a thrashing.

Flail. And as for yourself——

Kal. I was sent to school in the year sixty-three—made prodigious progress in every thing they didn't wish me to learn—was 'prenticed to a spectacle-grinder in sixty-nine, where I learn'd to make almanacks, and predicted every thing but my own good luck, till a distant relation came from abroad, with more money than health, who was so overjoyed at my foreboding him a long life, that he died directly and left me every shilling.

Flail. And now you give advice *gratis*.

Kal. I do ; and would have you give your daughter where you promised her—you've had your fortunate planet as well as me, and should remember that liberality is a sun-beam which ought never to be eclipsed by avarice.

Flail. Sir, I seorn to reflect on any body, but——

Kal. I know you do—and while you refuse to share with others, the light which is only reflected on yourself, your lucky star will dwindle to a rush-light, and, when

the extinguisher of old Time puts you out, you'll evaporate in smoke, old Firebrand.

Flail. Put me out, sir ! I'll put you——

Kal. Into any thing but a passion ; look, yonder's your daughter, all agitation, like a pond before rain ;—bless me ! (*looking at his watch*) Venus and Jupiter are on the point of a conjunction ; I'll just take an observation through the next room window, and be back in a twinkling.

Flail. Take care, lest in making your observations, you make some of your usual errors.

Kal. I understand you ; you're always twitting me with experimental mistakes—such as flying electrical kites in a thunderstorm—and giving such a red-hot focus to the school-master's spectacles, that they set his wig on fire——and what then ? it's natural to make mistakes in any art, and when the intention is not erroneous, he's a plaguy ill-natur'd fellow who wont make allowance for 'em. [*exit*

Flail. Let a parent act as honestly as he may, folks will blame him ; I dare not wed my daughter to a spendthrift, nor will I force her to marry where she has no liking ; and, if Sordid's son should not prove to be the man I take him for---perhaps---but I wont be talk'd out of my reason, for people, never know the value of indulgence half so well as when it comes from authority that knows how to make itself respected.

enter MARY and EDWARD.

Mary. (*running to her father*) Oh ! my dear father, such an escape ! I owe my life, nay more, perhaps, to the gallantry of Edward.

Flail. Gallantry ! hark'ye, sir, if you have served my daughter, I thank you, and so we part friends.

(*leads Mary to the other side*)

Mary. He saved me from a ruffian, who—

Flail. How came you from home ?

Mary. I was to blame to go without your knowledge—but—I---I meant no harm.

Flail. Perhaps not; but more mischief comes of meaning no harm than you're aware of; go-- and when I have thank'd this young gentleman for his *gallantry* as you call it, I shall have a word or two for *your* ear; go, I say.

Mary. Sir, you shall command my duty and obedience; but there is a sentiment of gratitude which that young man will ever have a right to. (*exit Mary*)

Edw. And one kind sentiment from Mary will compensate the cruelty of all the world.

Flail. And *my* cruelty among the rest; I suppose you look on me as a flinty-hearted father---my daughter as fair game---and yourself as the only poacher who has a right to steal her from me.

Edw. You are mistaken, sir, I would neither sully her honor nor my own, by any action that would't bear the light. As the girl of my heart, I adore her---as her father, I reverence you---but for myself, I should be a hypocrite were I to say otherwise than that, when I have just risk'd my life in her defence, I think I am, at least, entitled to good manners for my pains. (*going*)

Flail. Good manners, sir! I'm not to be taught good manners by any one, much less by a---ay, sir, you may look big, but---

Edw. Good day, sir; use your daughter kindly; marry her to whom you please, but make her happy and I'll forgive you all.

Flail. I wont be forgiven---I never deserved to be forgiven---I'll prove it in your case. I had a daughter, and you had a fortune; I have my daughter still, have taken care of her, improved her, and made her worth her weight in gold, a good-for-nothing hussey! while you---

Edw. Have acted with imprudence, lost my fortune, and have been alternately the dupe of others, and the enemy of myself.

Flail. Then how dare you talk of forgiving *me*---When you speak reason, and know how to hold your tongue, I'll listen to you; nay more---as old Sordid and his son haven't yet made their appearance according to appoint-

ment, I'll tell you this, my daughter shant marry till---

Edw. Dear sir!

Fiail. Till to morrow morning; and if, by that time, you can prove to me that you possess a freehold tene-
mant, one article of live stock, or a single acre of land
within six miles of this house, you shall be the man
yourself.

Edw. You know, sir, it is impossible; you know I
have neither house, land, nor means

Fiail. And are yet so mad as to expect I will match
you with my daughter; sirrah! sirran! before young
folks accuse fathers and grandfathers of cruelty and hold
'em up to ridicule in stage plays and romances, they
should look at home, and think on the greater cruelty
of exposing an honest man's child to suffering and po-
verty for the sake of their own selfish gratification. [*exit*]

Edw. His arguments are not to be opposed, and I
should be a scoundrel were I to proceed. What's to be
done?---resign her to a rival?---no!---a house and land
before to-morrow---oh, had I time, I'd overcome all
obstacles, and ravish from fortune by industry and per-
severance, the minor gifts of wealth, as mere steps to the
prize I aim at---but now tis impossible.

re-enter KALENDAR.

Kal. What's impossible to a lover?---if he had ordered
you on an errand to Abyssinia, or bid you fetch a glass
of spring-water from the source of the Nile, you'd have
hired horses, and been off directly; but when he only
asks what's done every day,-----

Edw. Sir!

Kal. Why, I've heard all; and, from friendship for
your poor old father, should like to serve you, and
chouse old Sordid. Bless my soul! has nobody got a
little freehold to dispose of?

Edw. I thought you saw no difficulty?

Kal. None but what I can---you're sure you cant buy one?

Edw. Should people without money buy estates?

Kal. People without money have most occasion for

'em. Stay, I think I have it; old Flail has affronted me; spoken disrespectfully of my forefathers; abused my almanack; slighted my advice, and ridiculed my predictions; but I'll be even with him. You shall take him at his word, force him to give you his daughter's hand, and obtain his consent against his inclination.

Edw. This is a paradox!

Kal. I deal in paradoxes. Come home with me, and I'll make it as clear to you as the sun in his meridian.

Edw. Remember, he has a bosom of flint.

Kal. Then do you have a heart of steel, and my brain shall be the tinder-box, to light a match he little dreams of. Come, it would be hard indeed, if I who have made a model of the moon, added stars to the orrery, and furnisht fine weather to the whole country, couldn't predict the end of an affair like this. I had a sweetheart myself once, and for her sake would have conquer'd ten times your difficulties. Oh, those were happy times, when I dreaded no storms but in love's almanack, when I set down frowns for foul weather, smiles for sun shine, and every billet-doux for a red-letter day [exeunt

SCENE, *Kalendar's study and library.*

an orrery, telescopes, electrical apparatus, chairs, &c.

SPRIGGINS and JENNY discovered.

Jen. Lord, now, mr. Spriggins, if any of the folks at our house knew I was here, at your master's, mr. Kalendar's, what would they say to it?

Sprig. Why, they'd say as you comed a courting to me, or else as you wanted your fortin told by him.

Jen. I'm sure I only came to ask advice about poor young mistress; she'll be lock'd up, and fed upon bread and water, if she dont marry the strange young man that's expected.

Sprig. Well, and how's my master to help that?

Jen. Why, can't he cast some of their nativities, and look through a signifying-glass, and tell about stars and fiery dragons.

Sprig. A signifying-glass!—a *horoscope*, you mean. Lord help you! why, you be as ignorant as you be pretty.

Jen. Yes; I'm very ignorant. Are these all his books?

Sprig. Yes; he do know what's o'clock all over the world; *gehography* be his hobby-horse; and when he's once up, he rides like a witch on a broomstaff.

Jen. Mercy on us! and what's that? (*pointing to the orrery*)

Sprig. That's a horrary---that's Jupiter and his *set o' lights*--and Satan and Lucifer, and the rest of the heavenly bodies.

Jen. I thought Venus was a heavenly body.

Sprig. Yes; and this shows all her motions; and this is a comet; and these suns be all moons.

Jen. (*going to the electrical machine*) And what's this?—be this music?

Sprig. No; dont touch that; if you turn that handle round, you'll do mischief—it be put there to be ready against mr. Roundabout, the gouty tax-gatherer comes to be *collectrified*.

Jen. Never mind—is the old gentleman coming up?

Sgrig. No; but if you meddle with that infernal machine, you may bring the old gentleman up in good earnest.

Jen. Mercy on us! and so these are your masters tools to tell fortunes with.

Sprig. No; this is the way to tell fortunes—give me your hand.

Jen. La, mr. Spriggins!

Sprig. Let me see—ay, you'll be married to a tall---thin young man, about my age.

Jen. Indeed!

Sprig. Yes; you will marry a batchelor; and your first husband will live to have two wives.

Jen. What---at one time?

Sprig. Oh, no.

Jen. No! why, then, I dont think you understand fortune-telling at all. I have been told better; and I would not die and leave the best husband in England, if I could help it.

Sprig. Then you shall marry me. I've forty pounds a-year, besides wagers; and, if master would put us into a new public-house, by gemini, we'd set up the seven signs of the *zodivac*.

Jen. There's too many signs in the village already; the half moon's never full, and there's nobody in the sun from morning till night.

Sprig. Well; and, if so be as—(*Jenny lets fall a barometer, which breaks*) there, you've broke one of the best weather-glasses---there'll be a fine storm when master comes home---he'll be all over in a *constellation*.

Jen. Twas all along o' you: what did you talk such nonsense to me for---about seven signs at one public house?

Kal. (*without*) What the devil are you all at there?

Jen. O, dear! o dear! what shall I do? I dare not face him; I shall be kill'd!—

Sprig. Run in here, and I'll take the fault all on myself. (*puts her in a closet*)

enter KALENDAR, followed by EDWARD.

Kal. Here's a chaos! hey-day! who has done this?

Sprig. Not Jenny, sir---it were I, sir. I wear looking for the great bear, sir; and, when I saw you coming, I were so frightful o' your being angry, that I knockt un over, sir.

Kal. Out of my sight, you plague of Egypt.

Sprig. Dear, dear, how will Jane get out of the closet! [*aside and exit*]

Kal. Every thing in confusion; not a planet in it's orbit; the globe upset; the glass fallen---and I shall be ruined. There, I must put my stars out of their reach.

(stands on a chair, and puts the orrery on a high shelf)
I think nobody will get at that again.

Edw. Unless they stand in that high chair, as you did.

Kal. I'll put that in its place too. *(puts the chair in a recess, behind a curtain, and fixes a chain to it, from the electrical machine)* There, that chair is charged with electric fluid; and, if any one touches that, a single turn of this handle will tickle their tobies. John Spriggins!

enter SPRIGGINS.

Sprig. I be here, sir.

Kal. Run to O'Gimlet, the carpenter, and bid him make haste, where I told him, and do you go and help him.

Sprig. Yes, sir.

[exit

Kal. And, John!—

Sprig. (re-entering) Yes, sir.

Kal. Take Flourish, the painter, in your hand, and bid 'em both make haste.

Sprig. Yes, sir. Dear, dear, how will Jane get out of the closet.

[exit

Kal. And, Spriggins!----

re-enter SPRIGGINS.

You dont know of any body that has a little freehold to part with?

Sprig. Vreehold! no, sir! I have forty pounds a-year, besides wagers; but—

Kal. Dont stand chatter'ng there. *[exit Spriggins]*
Now, ar'nt you all impatience to know what I'm about. *(to Edward)*

Edw. Rather anxious, I confess.

Kal. You observed, that, in our transit hither, I touch'd at the carpenter's, bricklayer's, and painter's?

Edw. I dont see how that relates to me.

Kal. No! did you never hear of my book upon forest charters, and rights of common? *(reaches a folio)*

Edw. No, sir ; and, at a time like this, I had rather be excused attacking so large a volume.

Kal Large ! heaven forbid a free public should ever countenance any *abridgment* of their *common rights* ! no, no ; here's the passage shall explain this mystery,

Edw. It isn't long I hope, sir ?

Kal. Silence ! (*reads*) ' By virtue of one of our forest charters, if a man do build a dwelling upon common land, from sun-set to sun-rise, and inclose a piece of ground, wherein there shall be a tree growing, a beast feeding, a fire kindled, a chimney smoaking, and provision in the pot, such dwelling shall be freely held by the builder, any thing herein to the contrary, nevertheless notwithstanding.

Edw. But how ?

Kal. Dont interrupt me ; I've bargain'd for the wooden billiard-room at the Crown. We'll carry it to the forest, build a chimney at one end of it, plant a tree from my garden, and to-morrow shall make a freeholder of you.

Edw. Sir, your zeal for my service makes you forget, that, when the means are unworthy of the end---

Kal. That we ought to stop in the middle ? psha ! there are spots in the sun ; and when we can't snow white, we must snow brown. Look at that team : (*takes him to window*) there go three parts of your mansion, upon four wheels. Your star is in its altitude. I've hired Charles' wain to carry your house and *stet fortuna domus*.

Edw. Yet, ere we go further—

Kal. We must buy a cow and a kitchen range.

Edw. But when mr. Flail comes to know---

Kal. That you've got a good fire and a piece of beef, he'll give you something to make the pot boil.

Edw. Your plan is romantic.

Kal. If it was not I'd have nothing to do with it : the times are romantic, and I always accord with the seasons, from one year's end to another.

Edw. Always ?

Kal. Yes; I bring in the new-year, and eat twelfth-night cake in January; write valentines in February, March, in procession with st. David, and dine with the sons of st. Patrick; make fools in April; dance with the chimney-sweepers in May; drink the king's health in June; and take the longest day to pay my bills. Jump into ocean in July; cut my corn in August; go hopping and popping in September; brew in October; chair Guy Faux, and my lord mayor in November; while, in December, roast beef, plumb pudding, old port, blindman's buff, romps, riddles, and kissing the pretty girls under the misletoes; wind up our christmas gambols, and set us all agog to begin the new year again.

[*exeunt*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

SCENE, *an apartment at squire Falils.*

enter ROBERT and LUCKLESS.

Rob. Who, sir, shall I say wants master?

Luck. Mr. Lawrence Luckless from —

Rob. Yes, sir; mr. Lucky Lawrence, from——from where did you say, sir?

Luck. (*giving a newspaper*) Here, that will do instead of a card; say its the gentleman described in that paper.

Rob. Gentleman! I must tell him that or he wont find it out I fear.

[*aside and exit*

Luck. With my usual good fortune, I lost my friend Edward as soon as I found him; forgot what he told me about the finger-post, and have come some miles out of

way. I believe what one finds on the highway is one's own, and, I'm not a little obliged to the owner of this coat for leaving it where he died ; it hides my shabby habiliments, and gives me so much the air of a horse-dealer, that I look quite like a man of fashion in it.

enter FLAIL with the paper.

Flail. Servant, sir ; a well looking lad. (*aside*) Glad to see you, and as you are brought here by this promise, (*showing paper*) dare say you're not sorry to see me.

Luck. Nor yet a little impatient to hear you, sir, on the subject of that promise.

Flail. I'll satisfy you directly ; sit down and tell your history.

Luck. Nay, sir, tis I who came to listen.

Flail. Indeed ! and how am I to know whether you are the person here meant ?

Luck. Sir, I am the son of a mother who died soon after I was born---of a father who never own'd me ; and have been left to a guardian, who, between friends is one of the greatest---

Flail. Hush ! you dont know who you are abusing.

Luck. I was so pointed at by the village boys as the child of nobody, that I quitted the place of my birth, was overtaken by my guardian, whom I have never seen since, and sent to a cheap school at a great distance.

Flail. So far so good.

Luck. Perhaps not ; the schoolmaster was extravagantly fond of boxing and rural sports, and paid me so much attention, that I was quickly grounded in the elements of Walton's Angler---could knock down any boy in the first form--and never underwent even the correction of a fishing-rod.

Flail. Nay, if you run away from your story-----

Luck. It will be exactly what I did from my school ; where as soon as I could beat the master at his own lessons, he *beat* me in return ; I fled to the cottage, where Mr. Edward Frankland, a former play-fellow, was at his studies ; and my guardian forgave me, because the

schoolmaster dare not demand his money, and because I got the rest of my education for nothing.

Flail. With Edward Frankland?

Luck. As an humble companion, we exchanged our mutual accomplishments; and though I may not be so good a classic as he wisht to make me, yet it is my pride to say, that I taught him to tickle a trout in a stream, or put in a belcher at a boxing match with any man on globe.

Flail. You next went 'prentice?

Luck. To one who detested latin, and hated boxing, so I ran away again from the prejudice of education, and have been left to my own resources, till your public invitation procured me the honor of this private audience.

Flail. Your story proves you the right person: now hear mine.

Luck. I am quite satisfied of your identity, and would rather be told of what relates to myself.

Flail. Listen, sir. A careful middle aged man, who had been uncommonly severe on the faults of others, committed one himself.

Luck. That I haven't the least doubt off.

Flail. The partner of his folly died, and left a son: the father, fearing to offend a patron on whom he then depended, pass'd for the guardian of this boy, whom he brought up to bustle with the world;--the patron is dead--the father is rich--and you--you are the son and heir.

Luck. His son? son to old Sordid!

Flail. You are not ashamed of a rich father?

Luck. Ashamed? no, but you are not joking, are you?

Flail. Joking!

Luck. I have heard him so spoken of, that---that as he is my father, I must forget it. I have not been used to the name of father, but I know my duty---and---I never shall be able to thrash half the people that I have heard abuse him.

Flail. Well, but he has offer'd you as my son-in law.

Luck. I heard that before I knew who I was.

Flail. And as you have given a true account of yourself, perhaps I don't like you the worse for it.

Luck. But as to being your son-in-law, Sir, I have a friend who must be consulted.

Flail. Aye, you mean Edward, I suppose.

Luck. He would furnish a reason against it: but I have another—my wife might possibly have some objection.

Flail. Married!

Luck. Yes; I can't say she's much of a wife, being hardly higher than your cane, but her's is an engagement I never intend to run away from.

Flail. And where is she?

Luck. Ten miles off only—at a little inn, where she waits the intelligence my visit seemed to promise.

Flail. And what do you mean to do?

Luck. Why the best thing I can do will be to—what do you think?—

Flail. Umph!—My advice will be soon given—Robert, (*enter Rob.*) saddle my daughter's horse and mine. (*exit Rob.*) You shall fetch your wife, and meet your father.—You'll eat and drink first?

Luck. I have little appetite.

Flail. Why?

Luck. Because I have fasted nearly the whole day: and a pleasant change is so new to me, that though I have always kept my spirits when in trouble, they seem to think now I have no further occasion for them.

Flail. Oh! well; a good glass of wine will bring you up again.

Luck. Perhaps it may.—I thought good luck was coming when I found this coat; and now I have found this father of mine.

Flail. Speak of him with respect.—No son shall forget his duty in my presence.

Luck. Aye, Sir; but when a parent has taken so little pains to make other folks speak well of him—

Flail. He has the more need to be defended by his children. [*exeunt*]

SCENE, Kalendar's study, as before.

JENNY, (*passing from the closet.*)

Jenny. Its mortal cruel of John Spriggins to let me stay here so long.—Nobody seems to be in the way ; so, I'll go, without even saying good bye to him.—I'll be hang'd if here isn't mrs. Prudence, old master's cousin.—If she catches me here, it will be as much as my plan is worth.—I'll be bound she comes to find me out.—What a mean thing it is for people to be so curious.—I'll hide again, and try if I can't overhear what she wants. (*returns into the closet*)

enter mrs. PRUDENCE.

Mrs. P. Why the house is quite deserted.—I'm sure I traced that hussey Jane to the door ; and whether she comes to see John Spriggins, or to consult mr. Kalendar, I'm determined to discover.—I hope its John ; for, if she dare have any design on his master—it's a shame for young women to be trying to decoy men who—bless me, here's mr. Kalendar, and I don't think I ever look'd so shocking in all my life. (*runs to a glass and adjusts herself*)

enter KALENDAR.

Kal. The work goes bravely forward—bricklayer, carpenter, painter, glazier, and gardener, all busy ; and I'll bet Herschell's telescope to an opera glass, that our plan will be accomplished within time.—Ah, mrs. Prudence, this is an honor.

Mrs. P. (simpering) Do you really think so, sir ?

Kal. Any particular commands ?—came home in a hurry to electrify the gouty tax gatherer, and must be off again directly.

Mrs. P. I shan't detain you, sir.—I neither want my fortune told, nor my nativity cast.

Kal. Cou'dn't do that if you did.—Ladies must tell their age, you know.

Mrs. P. You have been taken in then. (*Jenny peeps out, mrs. P. sees her*)

Kal. Oh, yes; the dear deceivers have played me a thousand tricks.

Mrs. P. (*eyeing the closet*) Indeed! I thought as much.

Kal. Yes: there was your neighbor, mrs. Wizen-face, came here t'other day.

Mrs. P. (*still watching the closet*) An impudent hussey.

Kal. No, not impudent, but as fine as a rainbow, and as crooked, into the bargain:—she gave me a wrong age, and I prophesied all the good things that have since happened to her grand daughter.

Mrs. P. Its a great shame.

Kal. But what can I do?—I don't know how to dispose of half the females who come to me.

Mrs. P. No!—have you no convenient room, mr. Kalendar, you could contrive to put a lady into?

Kal. Oh, mrs. Prudence; fie, for shame! why you wou'dn't think of such a thing; would you?

Mrs. P. (*bridling*) Me! no, sir; but there are some whom you might lock up, with their own consent too.

Kal. I keep no key for any such purpose; my closets are all full of curiosities of every age; and I wou'dn't put a woman among 'em for the world.

Mrs. P. (*significantly*) Is there no curiosity in *that* closet?

Kal. A great many:—it contains all the rarities of the seventeenth century! from the time cauliflowers were first planted in England, trunk hose gave way to modern inexpressibles, judges began to wear wigs, and Peter the great went prentice to a ship carpenter.

Mrs. P. And, pray, when were invisible girls invented?

Kal. In the reign of queen Elizabeth, you could only see a lady from forehead to her chin; but now nothing is invisible but the petticoats.

Mrs. P. Well, sir, you may talk as you please; but I say——

enter a BOY.

Boy. —Sir, master can't get out of his gouty chair; and wants to speak to you at the door.

Kal. That's lucky; I shall the sooner get back to my job in the forest. (*aside*) Excuse me Mrs. Prue.—Go along Dickey. (*exit boy*) I'll follow.

Mrs. P. But, sir, I must say one word.

Kal. I'll be back directly, but can't stop long: in the mean time, perhaps you may take a peep at the planets; or, if you'd like to see my new conductor, you may step up to the top of the house, and treat yourself with a flash of lightning: and when I'm less busy, I'll show you every natural curiosity in my whole collection. [*exit Kal.*]

Mrs. P. I'll make bold to see one of 'em now.—No, no, I'll take no peep at the planets—my discoveries shall be of more importance.—But stop—the hussey will deny she came to him, though it's plain enough why he wanted me out of the way:—he said he'd return—so, I'll just hide behind this curtain.—When he thinks me absent, miss will be let out;—but I'll stop their *tete a tete*, I warrant. (*goes into the recess, where Kalendar had put his electrical chair*)

re-enter KALENDAR.

Kal. So!—one plague's got rid of;—and now to send off the other.—Eh! gone!—I didn't see her come out; but I suppose she slipped by, when I was talking to the old gentleman.

Jenny. (*who has come out during this speech*) Which way did she go, sir?

Kal. Mercy on us! which way did you come?

Jenny. Dear, dear, sir, I be so frightened.—I came, sir, by way of *insulting* your knowledge about poor young missus; and, when the old woman catch'd I in the cupboard there, I—dear—dear—I be so frightened.—

Kal. In the cupboard!—oh!—why, then, the old Jezebel meant something.—I cou'dn't think what she was at, ogling me with her northern lights.—Well, sit down, Jenny, I can spare a moment to talk to you.—Sit down, and recover yourself.—You're a good girl; and I should be happy to give you some little proof of my regard.

Mrs. P. (*from the recess*) Oh! oh! (*in a half suppressed voice*)

Jenny. What's that!—bless me, I be so frightened.

Kal. Something wrong in my machinery.—Stay, as old Gouty won't be electrified to day, I may as well let off this machine: its full charg'd, and may do mischief else. (*goes to the machine*)

Jenny. Oh, dear, sir, don't ye go to touch that; for John Spriggins do tell I it will raise the devil.

Kal. We'll soon see that,—

Jenny. Do^e let I get out of the way then. (*runs to the other side*)

Kal. There you foolish girl. (*turns the handle, mrs. Prue screams, and jumps out of the recess. Jenny falls on her knees. Kalendar is astonished.*)

Kal. (*after a pause*) Talk of the devil!—who expected you there?

Jenny. I never was so frightened in all my life.

Mrs. P. I never was so shocked in all my life.

Kal. I dare say not.—Egad, I must have tickled her.

Mrs. P. You—tickle me! sir—I am so angry, so choaked with passion—

Kal. That you seem quite electrified.

Fenny. Indeed, dear madam—I—

Mrs. P. Out of my sight, you hussey!—

Fenny. Oh! I wish he'd stuff her into one of his great telegraphs. [exit.

Mrs. P. This is the gouty tax gatherer you came to, sir.

Kal. No, it isn't.

Mrs. P. What business had she in that closet?

Kal. To see what you were doing in that corner.

Mrs. P. But my cousin shall know, and she shall leave the house directly.

Kal. You're welcome to do the same; and next time you come here to make experiments, take care you don't get another curtain lecture.

Mrs. P. Sir, if you had a single spark of good breeding

Kal. If I had, I'd recommend him to you directly—but you have extinguished all my sparks, and I wish you much benefit from the operation.

Mrs. P. I'll see the young hussey punished, that I will. [exit.

Kal. And I'll see the old woman safe out of the house. Egad, if every time I turn this handle, it produces such a sudden squall as it did just now, it will be unsafe to touch it: what between the old woman in the recess, and the young one in the closet, I was completely galvanised! [exit.

SCENE, the entrance of a rustic inn.

enter LAURA LUCKLESS, from the house.

Laura. No, I can see nothing of him.—I wish I had gone with him: what a misfortune it is to have a husband that's always unlucky.—I dare say this fine promise in the newspapers, was only a trick, and he'll come back so cross! heigh ho! what a hurry I was

once in to get married; and now we have so many troubles, vexations and quarrels!—o lud! o lud! marriage without money isn't half so pleasant as the days of courtship.

SONG.—LAURA.—(*adapted to an old air.*)

The hawthorn was blowing, young flow'rets were gay,
Primroses were growing, birds sung on each spray,
But sweeter sung my true love, far sweeter to my ear,
'I'm waiting here for you love, 'tis the spring time of the year.'

In summer I yielded, my love's bride to be made,
But as leaves droop in autumn, our joys too will fade,
For love without riches is chill'd by the frost,
And ere winter, alas! all my pleasures were lost.

enter SORDID.

Sord. Bless my heart! bless my heart! five miles! why I do think I've travell'd fifteen, and this is the first house I've met with;—I can't have much farther to go. Oh! there's a female,—young woman!

Laura. Young woman!

Sord. Well then, *miss*.

Laura. Sir, I'm married.

Sord. Why then, *madam*, do tell me how far it is to Harvest Hall.

Laura. Its ten miles, sir,—and long ones too, if I may measure by the absence of my husband.

Sord. Ten miles! it was only five, three hours ago.

Laura. Which way did you come, sir?

Sord. I came by the post.

Laura. Then perhaps you have been mis-sent by a wrong direction.

Sord. Mis-sent! so I've walk'd off my legs, broke my appointment with old Flail; risk'd some of my property; lost the rest,—and here comes the very man that robb'd me of it.

Laura. Oh there he is! my dear, dear fellow—I'll fly to meet him—I'm sure he's been lucky, for he's got a new coat already. {*exit*

Sord. Oh ho! she's a confederate—I'll get assistance from the house, recover my loss, get forty pounds for apprehending a highwayman, and that hussey's dear fellow shall be hanged. *[exit into the house]*

enter LUCKLESS and LAURA.

Luck. to Robert. Give the horses a full feed, my lad, and we'll be back to your masters directly. Well! my dear little Laura!

Laura. Well, Laurence—do tell me all.

Luck. Directly; I guess your impatience, and—did they give you any dinner in this devil of a dog hole?

Laura. If they had, I cou'dn't have eat it for anxiety.—Well, you went to the hall, and found—

Luck. An old friend, a new coat, and a father!

Laura. A father!

Luck. Aye, and a rich one too, you little rogue.

Laura. A rich one! well, I don't know how it was, but it always would run in my head, that you must have had a father, though you never found him out.

SORDID enters from the house with landlord, BLACK BOB, and countrymen, smoaking, &c.

Luck. But I've found him out now, and a curious one he is too; when I ask his blessing, I dare say the first think he'll say, will be—

Sordid. (coming forward) Knock him down. That's the fellow that robb'd me.— *(they seize Luckless)*

Black Bob. (aside) That's my coat, sure enough—

Luck. Scoundrels! I never saw that man in my life.

Laura. My husband accused of robbery!

Sord. Search him—I'll swear to my money, its all mark'd.

Black Bob. (comes forward) Mark'd---why any body may mark money; may be you'll swear to that. *(shows a piece of gold)*

Sord. That--why, I will swear that he,—no,—that—that piece of gold——

Landlord. That old gentleman's crazy!

Sord. Crazy?—don't let him go—for I'll swear to the man by the coat—

Luck. The coat! sir, I pick'd this coat up on the highway.

Sord. I dare say you did.

Luck. And when I found this hanging on a post—

Sord. You little thought of being hang'd yourself: bring him along.

Laura. Pray don't, he's innocent.

Black Bob. May hap he is.—A man is not to be found guilty by outside appearance. I knows somewhat of law. What's a coat?—a coat isn't a man.—There, I'll put it on; and what of that?

Sord. Why, then, if it was the last word I had to say, I'd swear that you are the man that did rob me.

Landlord and countrymen. Oh, shame! shame!

Laura. Shame, indeed!—that wicked old man will swear to any thing.

Luck. Harkye, sir.

Sord. Seize him, I charge you.

Black Bob. Would you like to try the coat, miss; perhaps he'll say 'twas you.

Sord. He robb'd me close by a finger post, where four roads meet.

Countryman. Then the finger post must have grown there since morning.—That old fellow tells nothing but flams.

Luck. To be call'd a thief! I insist on carrying him to mr. Flail's.

Sord. The place I'm going to—only mind you *do* carry me---for I'll not walk another step---and as we go, I'll show you the very spot where I was robb'd—and take my money out of the hank by the road side. (*apart*)

Luck. Are the horses ready?

Rob. All ready, sir.

Black Bob. Well, then, as nobody seems to own this coat, perhaps, I have as much right to it as another.

Sord. Stop, sir: no running away. *(seizes him)*

Luck. Aye! I insist on our all going, and having this cleared up.

Sord. I'm in custody---mind that---and I'll bring a swinging action for false imprisonment.

Luck. Come, then, we shall have justice at the hall; and then I shall have an action against you for charging Laurence Luckless with felony.

Sord. Who!—what, are you—

Luck. Don't talk to me, sir—you've said too much already.

Sord. But my dear boy---my—

Luck. Put him on the squire's horse.---Come, Laura.

[exeunt Luckless and Laura]

Sord. Gentlemen!—only hear me---call him back; for I do believe that unnatural bird, that ungracious varlet, is neither more nor less than my own son!

Countryman. Oh, dear---oh, dear---he be quite mad—bring him along. *[exeunt]*

SCENE—the cross roads and finger post, with the addition of a neat wooden house, with a brick chimney, a lamb grazing within the pales that surround it.

When the scene is discovered, a great knocking is heard, as if within the house---a bricklayer is fixing the chimney-pot---SPRIGGINS, on a ladder, is nailing a cherry tree against one side of the building---FLOURISH is painting the pales---O'GIMLET is hanging a little gate to them---and KALENDAR is looking out of the window.

Kal. Well done, boys; work away outside, while we finish within, and I'll be with you directly. *(retires from the window)*

O'Gim. I say, mr. Flourish.

Flou. Well, friend.

O'Gim. Don't be twiddling there about nothing; but bring one of your fists here, with a pound brush in it.

You. I will not come at thy bidding: nor will I cease twiddling until I see occasion.

O'Gim. Oh, mighty well!--the thing's all done to your hands: and if you won't finish it, its no fault of mine.

Sprig. (*coming down*) Never saw a better bit of gardener's work since I was born.

Flou. Yea; the dwelling is most neatly coloured.

O'Gim. Its the prettiest timbered edifice within five miles, let who will be next door to it.

Sprig. Oh, talk of beauty, my tree against your house for what you like.

Flou. Thy tree has spoil'd my paint, which will also spoil thy planting.

enter KALENDAR from house, (smoke rises from the chimney.)

Kal. There! all ready, inside and out; old Margery's blowing the fire; Edward's gone to ask for his wife; and there only wants a sun dial on the door post, a weather glass against the wainscoat, and an almanac behind the door to complete the furniture.

enter bricklayer.

Brick. Neat bit of brick work, that there chimney, —my master- -devilish well---it smokes---its a pity the walls an't brick too.

Kal. No pity at all: an english freeholder's house is his castle, and wooden walls are a devilish good protection.—Eh! why that post points wrong.

O'Gim. That's impossible, when it points to every road in the place---its painted wrong, honey.

Flou. The fault is in the top, which moveth,

O'Gim. Not at all; I knock'd a great nail in it awhile ago, to keep it where it is.

Kal. Well, away with you; drink long life to the new landlord, for here he comes, huzza

(they shout as EDWARD enters with FLAIL---the quaker shouts in a formal manner---the workmen go off.)

Flail. Hey day! whose dwelling's this, I wonder! is this what you mean to say is your's?

Kal. All his;---house, goods, chattels, and live stock---cattle grazing, tree growing, and chimney smoking---

Sprig. And if your worship pleases to come in, you shall see me lay the cloth. *[exit into house]*

Edw. You see, sir, I have not deceived you---our common friend has enabled me to claim your promise.

Flail. And do you mean to claim it on such grounds?

Kal. Such grounds would make a beautiful figure in an auctioneer's catalogue; four prospects at one view---spacious enclosure---one head of live lamb, and a garden full of wall fruit; and do you think he means to have all this trouble and expense for nothing?

Edw. At least, sir, I hope you will not give Mary to my rival?

Flail. Why, no; I wont for two reasons; in the first place, he's married already; in the next, if you give proof of continuing so industrious, I---

Kal. Why, who the devil have we here, I wonder?

enter SORDID and countrymen---he runs to FLAIL, and stares about him while he shakes hands.

Sord. My dear old friend---you'll hear me speak I'm sure---I've been so used, that---why this can't be the place where I hid my money. *(aside)*

Flail. I don't wonder at your gazing about---I can hardly believe my own eyes.

Kal. *(to Edward)* There's Mary, run and meet her. *[exit Edw.]*

enter LUCKLESS and LAURA.

Luck. (to *Flail*) Ah, sir, we've met half way ;---here is the lady of whom I told you---and there is a crazy old man who accuses me of robbing him. (*pointing to SORDID, who is searching and peeping about for his money.*)

Flail. Shall I never teach youth to be respectful ; that crazy old man is your father.

Luck. Found at last, and in this place too ?

Sord. Found, is it found ? where is it ? give it me directly.

Flail. Why that's your son, and that's his wife.

Kal. And that seems to be the long and the short of it.

Sord. I said it was my son---but married ! do come this way ? (*Flail, Sordid, Luckless and Laura go up the stage*)

enter SPRIGGINS, with a dirty bundle from the house.

Sprig. (to *Kalendar*) Here be a dirty bundle in a black handkerchief, kicking about among the rubbish---it do chink as th'of 'twere money.

Sord. Give it me---its mine---its---

Kal. (*snatching it*) No, its not your's ; whatever is found in that house belongs to its owner. Here Edward, (*Edward re-enters with Mary*) you're lord of the manor ; perhaps this is a prize for you. (*Gives him the bundle---Mary goes to her father---Jenny enters and runs to Spriggins, who in dumb show, points to the new house, &c.*)

Sord. A prize indeed tis mine---tis money, mortgages, and above all there are the writings and titles of his father's estate.

Kal. And where have the title deeds of a deceased father, a better right to be than in the hands of his son ? they were found under his roof

Sord They were under no roof---when I buried them (*aside*)

Luck Father seems to have brought a pretty house over his head

Edw Take your money, sir ; these papers must be examined elsewhere

Flail So, so ; he'll get his estate back (*aside*) Why Mary, what do you hang on me for ? I know you'd rather take his arm by half ; go

Mary I obey you, sir, with pleasure

Flail To be sure---see how I bring up my children

Kal. Ah you always said she was a *good* girl

Sprig (to *Fenny*) And what do you hang upon *I* for ?

Fenny I hanging on *you* : why I'll be whipt if he hasn't been a sweet hearting o' me as hard as ever he could ever since I came into the place

Kal Come, let's into our new dwelling, and try to compromise.

Sord But what's to be done with the man who robb'd me ?

Flail Done with him ? take him to the village and lock him up : I'll make him leave off his roguish habits

Luck And when he does leave off his habits, don't let it be where I may pick them up again

Edw Among these papers is one of no pecuniary worth, but to me a prize above them all

Sord You may keep that---its of no use but to the owner (*aside*).

Edw It contains the blessing and forgiveness of my father ; and could you have withheld---

Kal No ; I hope nobody here would wish to withhold forgiveness ; and though our edifice be formed of slight materials, yet, as it is only intended for a *Summer* house, we entreat our lords and ladies of the Manor to allow it Right of Common

EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN BY G. COLMAN, ESQ.

CHARACTERS.

Kalendar, Flourish, Spriggins, Jenny.

enter KALENDAR, (*reading an almanack.*)

Kal. ALMANACK says, this day---aye thus it goes:
“ Seventh of July---Thomas a Becket---toes ”
“ The weather overcast ”---That sounds but queer:
I hope to find no cloudy faces here!
What next?---oh to *this market* no dismay;---
“ Fine weather now for getting up the hay ”
Box keeper, *here* makes hay, when in he crams
Arms, shoulders, ancles, hips, knees, legs and hams:
But when he stuffs you in, all snug and warm,
O! vox stellarum ---who can then inform
Whether 'twill turn to sunshine or a storm
Of this night's cause who shall be undertaker?
Our poet trembles-----

enter FLOURISH.

Flou: ----- He hath sent a quaker.

Kal. What is it you predict about our play?

Think you 'twill prosper?

Flou Paradventure, yea.

Kal. Sometimes they clap, and that betokens bliss.

Flou Sometimes the spirit moveth, and they hiss.

Kal. Have you no friends above there? (*to gallery*)

Flou Thou dost scoff.

Kal. Why so?

Flou Thou know'st they call out there---“ hats off.”

EPILOGUE

enter SPRIGGINS and JENNY.

Kal. Spriggins ! my man ---you're here, I'll hold a guinea,

To serve the play——

Sprig. Ize here, and married Jenny.

Jenny. Beneath which sign, sir, is my husband born ?

Kal. Like many husbands---under Capricorn

Sprig. Under what sign, then, do the sky make her go ?

Kal. The crab.

Sprig. There, Jane, I know'd it wasn't Wirgo.

I said so.

Jenny. Hold your prate, then, foolish---do ;

Your master's wise, and know'd it afore you.

Kal. Now for the bird ;---a thought his telescope,

May no malignant planet damp his hope

May no eclipses make his prospect black

Sprig. Nor no bad sign in all his Zodywack.

Kal. With mirth, may eyes, like stars be twinkling merrily

Friend Flourish, don't you join in this ?

Flou.

Yea, verily.

Sprig. I wish him right good luck, now, by my figgins !

Jenny. And happy as a bride, like Jenny Spriggins.

Kal. Come then, (*to the audience*) you, Libra, or the Balance hold ;

Applaud him, and he'll feel like Leo bold ;

If you condemn---for fortune is precarious---

His eyes must then be govern'd by Aquarius.

LIST OF *PLAYS*, PUBLISHED BY D. LONGWORTH,
at the *Dramatic Repository*, near the Theatre.

N. B. Longworth's edition of Plays, which is continually increasing, is of uniform size, and to those who may choose to have them bound, general titles will be given gratis.

BLUE BEARD. M. D. R.	Colman, jr	25
Abællino, the Great Bandit, G. D. R. (trans)	Dunlap	37
Feudal Baron, T.	Dunlap	25
Tale of mystery, M. D.	Holcroft	18
Tournament, T	Storke	25
Voice of Nature, C.	Dunlap	25
Mrs Wiggins, F.	Allingham	12
Maid of Bristol, C.	Boaden	25
Chains of the heart, C. O.	Hoare	31
House to be sold, C. O.	Cobb	18
Marriage Promise, C.	Allingham	25
Wag of Windsor, C. O.	Colman, jr.	18
Raising the wind, F.	Kenney	18
Wife of two husbands, D.	Dunlap	31
Guilty or not Guilty, C.	Dibdin	31
Soldier's Daughter, C.	Cherry	31
Adelmorn, R. D.	Lewis	31
Poor Sinner, C. O.	O'Keeffe	12
Hunter of the Alps, C. O.	Dimond, jr	12
Shipwreck, C. O.	Arnold	18
Honey Moon, C.	Tobin	31
Sprigs of Laurel, C. O.	O'Keeffe	18
Children in the wood C. O.	Morton	12
Richard III. T. (from Shakspeare)	Cibber	31
Padlock, C. O.	Bickerstaffe	12
Prize, or 2, 5, 3, 8, C. O.	Hoare	12
Hamlet, T.	Shakspeare	31
Venice Preserved, T.	Otway	25
Who wants a guinea, C.	Colman, jr	31
Hotel, F.	Jephson	12
Fair Penitent, T.	Rowe	25
Matrimony, C. O.	Kenney	12

LIST OF PLAYS.

Il Bondocani, c. o.	Dibdin	12
Bind Bargain, c.	Reynolds	25
First Floor, F	Cobb	18
Too many cooks, c. o.	Kenney	12
Family Quarrels, c. o.	Dibdin	25
Will for the deed, c	Dibdin	18
Venetian Outlaw, D. (trans.)	Elliston	25
Spoil'd Child, c. o.	Hoare	12
Valentine and Orson, M R D.	Dibdin	12
Sailor's Daughter, c	Cumberland	25
Piccolomini, H. D. (from Schiller)	Cotteridge	56
Tempest, c.	Shakspeare	31
Dianna, c. o.	Sheridan	31
Cheap living, c.	Reynolds	25
Cabinet, c. o.	Dibdin	25
Quaker, c. o.	Dibdin, sen.	12
My grandmother, c. o.	Hoare	12
Wanderer, c	a gentleman of N. Y.	37
Ways and means, c.	Colman, jr.	25
Blue Beard, M. D. R. (second edition)	Colman, jr.	18
John Bull, c.	Colman, jr.	31
Romp, c. o.	Bickerstaffe	12
Caravan, R D.	Reynolds	12
Delinquent, c.	Reynolds	25
Weathercock, c. o.	Arlingham	12
Lock and key, c. o.	Hoare	18
School for friends, c.	Chambers	31
Honest thieves, F.	Knight	12
Antonio, T.	Godwin	25
Child of Nature, c.	Inchbald	19
Paul and Virginia, M. E.	Cobb	12
School for Arrogance, c.	Holcroft	31
Inkle and Yarico, c. o.	Colman, jr.	25
Mountaineers, c. o.	Colman, jr.	25
Wild oats, c.	O Keefe	31
Road to ruin, c.	Holcroft	25
Revenge, T.	Young	25

LIST OF PLAYS.

Songs in Glory of Co
Of Age Tomorrow E
More Ways than one,
Love laugh at locksmith
Country Girl, c (alt
Douglas, T
Rule a wife and have a wife
Finger Post
Deserted Daughter

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 014 490 062 5

Dean and Fletcher 31

T. Dibden 18

Holcroft



PR 4549

J5 F5

1806

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 014 490 062 5

